

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



FILE

Commencement Number, 1929

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Rev. Ildephonse J. Rapp, C. PP. S.

Dedication

With hearts filled with gratitude, with minds fully conscious of their immense debt, and with souls striving vainly to give expression to their feelings, the Class of '29 cordially dedicates this final issue of the Collegian to Father Ildephonse Rapp, C. PP. S.

We, the Class of '29, with profound feelings of honor and pride use the medium of this publication to extend sincerest and heartiest congratulations to you, Father Ildephonse, on the occasion of your Silver Jubilee. By your twenty-five years of devoted service in the priesthood, and by an equal number of years of unremitting toil in the class-rooms of St. Joseph's College, you have given an inspiring example of what a true priest and an earnest professor should be. By your personality and ability you have aided splendidly in the development of character and ideals in the hearts and minds of those whom you were commissioned to instruct, and with whom you associated. Above all do we mean to signalize our gratitude to you for the real benefits that we have derived from your direction in elocution and in dramatic work.

May the dedication of the Collegian covering the period from '28 to '29, as a special memorial of your Silver Jubilee, serve as a token of that deep gratitude and heartfelt respect which we, as a class, entertain towards you. May it, furthermore, serve as a souvenir and as a pleasant reminder of the happiness which you experienced in connection with this great and important event in the course of your life.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

Collegeville, Indiana

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JUNE

With glowing face the iridescent month of June
Inclines to kiss the meads and blushing flowers,
While rhythmic notes that bring the sky and earth in
tune

Float down from mountain-tops, o'er glades, and verdant
bowers.

Yet on the azure welkin's deep celestial brow
There rides a cloud, base, dark, and lowering in
disdain

At all the splendors which the world holds now
In gliding streams, in sylvan trees, in song's refrain.

E'en so the sun for me one early morn did shine
That in conceit, methought the world was mine;
But now I pay as ne'er I paid before
For such vain thoughts as erst I held in store:
A cloud like that which stains the face of June
Taught me life's worth in joy and sorrow, ah! too
soon.

Joseph Hageman '29

THE ORATORY CONTEST

Note:

The first and second prize orations in the Father Conroy Oratory Medal Contest, and the first and second prize essays in the Alumni Medal Essay Contest are annually printed in the June issue of The Collegian. The first prize oration follows.

AMERICA'S FUTURE

It is reported that in excavating on the site of the ancient city of Troy, a stone was found bearing the inscription, "The younger generation is going to the dogs." Today, from the lips of somber judges and self-styled moralists, of professional reformers and private alarmists, from the pages of newspapers and magazines this same woeful utterance issues forth, and to make matters worse it has taken on renewed strength and has increased in energy. These critics claim, furthermore, that in this age of scientific development, not only the standards of youth, but that those of morals and politics as well are on the downward grade.

Pick up the newspapers, they cry to the public, and see for yourselves that these conditions are true. There in glaring headlines, you will learn that a college student has committed a brutal murder; in a cartoon taken from one or other of the foreign papers, you will see that Uncle Sam is known abroad as Uncle Shylock; again you are informed that America is accused by the world at large of international hypocrisy; that the crime wave has received a new impetus by the killing of two policemen; that crime gangs are in control; that bootleggers are doing a profitable business; that youth is daily becoming

more disrespectful, more degenerate, more independent, more effeminate, more wicked.

Listening to statements of this kind will cause anybody to wonder and ask, "Can it be true? Is America really so sordid, so vile, and corrupt? Is youth becoming badly demoralized?" Plainly, with a feeling of disgust he will throw aside the newspaper and will go for a walk out into the fresh air. As he steps out into the bright sunshine, he realizes that he has been inhaling the fumes of pessimism and gloom, that he has been seeing America and its youth in general through smoked glasses.

Now as to ourselves, if we look at our great country in all her magnificence and beauty, in all her greatness and splendor, shall we not be surprised to see what was represented as a mountain of crime and demoralization turning into what is only and merely a tiny mole-hill? Yes, what mountain is it that really towers so high, its peak burnished with the gold of the rising sun? Briefly, it is the mountain of American progress, American achievement, American sturdiness, and American character. Threatening storms have often raged about it, ominous clouds have often hid it, yet always it emerges in renewed splendor, in greater brilliance, as the guiding star, the pillar of light for all nations. Beyond question, America is the country of the world. She is the acknowledged leader and protagonist in all mundane affairs. What she does, the rest of the world copies; when she speaks, the rest of the world listens.

What country can compare with ours in the number and importance of her inventions? From the ingenious Benjamin Franklin to our incomparable Thomas Edison, America has set the pace for progressive invention, and she holds her position, not by past success, but by present achievement. To

mention only one of her innumerably great accomplishments—was it not young America that taught the Old World how to fly? Examine the pages of history, and nowhere will you find it recorded that any one other man receive such world-wide admiration, such universal acclaim as did the great American youth, Charles Lindbergh.

While from the lofty summit of American progress we view her remarkable achievements, a carping voice from below is heard asking, "If America is such a great country, why has she not outstripped all rivals in the cultural field? Why has she not produced a Shakespeare, a Raphael, a Beethoven?" The answer lies in our history. Though our success is unparalleled, we have barely emerged from a state of preparation. The memory of the passing frontier is still green, hence can it be reasonably expected that art, the product of centuries, should at once flourish among a people that cannot as yet count its years by centuries? Of course critics have a right to expect such a thing from Americans inasmuch as they always find America doing the unexpected and seemingly impossible. But in spite of the fact that America is just out of her swaddling clothes, need she be ashamed of her cultural accomplishments? In literature, more specifically in drama and fiction, she is at the present day second to no country; in architecture she can make an excellent claim to equality with other countries if not outright superiority; in music she has given the world the most unique productions of the century, and in no field of art has she greater prospects than in painting.

Again the chorus of flouting voices rises to ask, "Can you deny that America is the hotbed of crime and corruption? Can you deny that the younger generation is going to the dogs?" Listening to these queries

makes us recall the reeking newspaper, but now we would ask, "Is the newspaper a fair criterion of judgment? Is it not the record of the deeds of our noisiest and most boisterous citizens? Is it fair to judge a nation of 120 millions of people by the conduct of a few thousand?" The newspapers are particularly anxious to publish all crimes and instances of wicked conduct, but where will you find the newspaper that chooses to publish even a fraction of the great amount of good that is done? If the papers were to do so, they would have to be equal in size to our annual mail-order catalogues and that daily. Here, then, is the reason that makes us look like a nation of criminals,—we hear little of the good that stands to our credit, but crime receives more than a just share of publicity.

In answering the charges against so-called "flaming youth" we would like to ask, "Who are the critics that utter these direful prophecies? Who are these knights of reform that are launching this verbal crusade against the younger generation?" Our answer is that they are old fogies, people with antiquated ideas, people who forget that the standards of judgment have changed and are changing. These bilious critics, looking through the spectroscope of narrow-mindedness, see in every action of the younger generation the beginning of a moral cataclysm; but on examining their records, we find that nine out of ten of them are the very persons who, while they were young, performed some of the boldest acts of "barnyard" chivalry that were ever perpetrated. Now, of course, since they have grown up, they have forgotten that while they were young they did sow "wild oats" in terrible profusion. These critics likewise maintain that youth at present is becoming effeminate, but was there a generation more athletic,

more fresh-air loving, more devoted to sports than is ours? Does not America today hold the record in all the various sports that are to be found in the world? If it is not present-day youth, who is it then that is making these records? America, therefore, can justly be proud of her younger generation, for a nation that is sound in body is a nation that is sound in mind.

Oh America, what a great future lies before you! The star of your scholarly attainments has but lately risen, but it is rapidly advancing to the brightness of the first magnitude. Before the second quarter of this century will have passed, it will be the most brilliant spectacle in all the firmament. Yea, even now it is the guiding light, the shining hope of all the world. Like a broad and sparkling stream the fame of your people flows onward, yet your critics would judge that stream by the froth and foam on its surface. Like a mountain of strength your fame rises above the plains, yet your critics would judge that mountain by the pebbles that roll down its slope. But behold! Bearing before it that noblest of banners, the Stars and Stripes, comes marching forward the great army of youth,—your real fame. America, place unlimited confidence and trust in that great legion, for it will not only maintain your present standards, but will raise and perfect them!

Othmar Missler '29

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it.—Horace Mann.

If music is to prove itself the most spiritual of all the arts, it must do so by aid of the audience.—R. H. Schauffle.

WELCOME TO GRADUATION DAY

Ah, at last we have commencement!
Now there's not a thing to fear;
Even birds are all a-singing,
And our folks with smiles are here.

Friends, to you we speak a welcome,
In the hope that you can stay;
For we cannot do without you
On this grand commencement day.

We shall try to make things pleasant
By our music and our play;
We shall make you all so happy
That you'll hate to go away.

Oh, the band; yes, see the "Ghost Bird"!
We are having them for you;
We have tried our best in all things,
Say, "'Twas good" when we are through.

Note, the graduates, how happy!
Yes, we know you're happy too;
Come again, attend commencement,
All are waiting here for you.

Raymond Guillozet '30

THREE MAGIC MOMENTS

(Second Prize Oration)

As a magician would say, "I have nothing up my sleeves", so say I, and like the magician I proceed. What have I in my hands? Presto! There it is—— and there!—— and there! What is it? Ah gentlemen! it is air; virtually to the eye it is nothing, yet how vital it is for life.

Air! The very meaning of the word conveys to people of the present day and age a new meaning, and from this meaning may be gleaned new ideas. Out of the many thoughts created, there comes one to the foreground that gives a new importance to "air"—the thought of aviation. With the making of the first airplane, life in a new realm, opportunities in another fashion, and startling hopes for the future were envisioned. At last man has conquered the air. The impulse to fly might be said to be one of the innate desires that the Creator has infused into the hearts of men. Were it not for this ambitious urge in the breasts of men, we who live in this century would never have seen the eventful conquest over the skies,—we would never have lifted our eyes from the still brown earth to search for our fellow human beings high in the deep blue of the heavens.

But the palm of honor has at length been placed on the brows of our victors, Orville and Wilbur Wright. The price of their glory was the countless failures in attempts at aviation during past centuries,—failures were plentiful, indeed, but their hopes never failed. All past experiments and fruitless endeavors to fly were but stepping stones to success for the Wright Brothers in that most famous year

of 1903, the year which saw the fulfillment of one of man's greatest hopes,—the possibility to fly.

The price of this extraordinary feat was not merely attached to attempts; but labor, worry, failure, discouragement were the price, together with the risk of life itself. All these considerations swelled the cost so high that a serious duty has been imposed upon present and future generations, and this duty demands fulfillment to make compensation for the sacrifices entailed. This duty consists in the development of the science of aeronautics. We must advance the art of flying if for no other reason than to confirm and reward the attempts made by these men who have secured for us the conquest of the celestial regions.

Years amounting to a decade that followed the first successful flight were spent in telling the world that flying was possible, and much of this time had to be used in vanquishing the giant of skepticism. The heralds who introduced people generally to the science of aviation were no other than the thrills and wonders that were offered by the stunt-flyers on fair grounds and exposition fields. Although thrills and wonders were successful in killing the monster of skepticism with respect to aviation, yet there quickly rose out of its dead corpse a troublesome parasite, namely, prejudice. Only now are we succeeding in muffling the outcries of prejudice which for a long time has proved to be the greatest hinderance to the development of aeronautics. We have hushed these outcries by changing the purpose of the airplane from that of a mere toy for thrills and wonders to a medium of profitable transportation.

Death, as was but natural in a hazardous venture like flying, took a heavy toll from among those who devoted themselves to the advancement of this

science, and thus gave prejudice and opposition a chance to make a stand for some time against the progress of aviation. But just as prejudice and opposition were about to play their trump cards against further enterprises in flying, and were already entertaining the hope that this new freak of man's ambition was being pushed into the realm of oblivion, together with other human whims and capers, a grim and rough sort of magician stepped on the scene and declared his conviction for the use of aviation.

To you, my friends, this magician is not unknown. He showed himself to the world in 1914 as Mars hurling thunderbolts across seas and lands. By the flashes of his lightnings he pierced the darkness that had descended upon aviation particularly in America. He demanded that the airplane should take its place among the machines of war, and by a rude brush of his iron hand put prejudice and opposition to aviation into the realm of oblivion where at first these had hoped to put all experiments at flying. Soon, in obedience to the call of Mars, entire squadrons of airmen took to the clouds where they enacted battles high above the heads of men—battles that for sheer sublimity and daring courage had never found their equal in the annals of the human race. Bombing planes, gunning planes, burning planes now held the scene against the planes of the circus flyers and the stunt performers.

Ah, brave deeds were executed by the flying men-of-war; deeds that will live forever! We can thank God that war brought with itself at least one blessing, for, by what is remembered as the World War, the science of aeronautics received its chief impetus. If war has checked the onslaught of the powers of prejudice, if it has proved the military value of the airplane, if it has given a quicker pace

to the development of the science of flying, then the millions of dollars spent and the thousands of lives lost in experimenting with aircraft have not been sacrificed in vain even for those nations that met defeat in battle. By their death, the heroes of the air have advanced civilization, they have placed on the altar of time their supreme offering that the science of flying might not be forgotten, and that coming generations might benefit by its existence and further development.

At present we have reasons to feel contented that the power of prejudice against flying is rapidly on the wane. Isolated protests are making themselves heard here and there, but they receive no attention. These protests largely concern themselves with accidents, but people who voice these protests fail to bear in mind that earnest and painful efforts are continuously being made to reduce accidents to a minimum in the field of aeronautics. Accidents, like death, are incident to human life, and they are liable to happen in spite of man's best care in any and all divisions of human activity and enterprise. But, what person who has the necessary courage to be up and doing will allow the possibility of accident to daunt him? Did not the automobile demand its holocaust of human lives in order to arrive at the perfection which it has reached? Yet who among us is willing to give up the automobile and its conveniences because of accidents?

Labor, worry, speculation, and death will always be the four horsemen of civilization, and the faster the world wishes to travel towards the goal of a more perfect civilization, the greater in proportion will be the price of progress. If aeronautics has anything of progress in it—and the present-day world claims that it has,—then it is incumbent upon us to

push this science forward in order that the work of the aerial thrill-giver and of the soldier of the sky will not prove useless. Development in the field of flying alone can repay these pioneers of the air. It is this development which, as the third magician, will produce the third and most important magic moment in the enterprise of aviation. This magic moment will mean the lengthening of time and the shortening of space through the medium of the airplane. Once this fact has been accomplished, then thousands of achievements, now unthinkable in kind, will crowd into the span of a single human life, and man will be enabled to live out more life in the space of fifteen years, than he was able to do during the century just past in fifty or even sixty years.

If progress is the only true monument that can properly advertise the character and ingenuity of its pioneers, then that monument has received its perfected significance in the cap which like a crown of glory has been placed upon it by the daring heroes who have made it possible for man to live as well, as safely, and as agreeably in the lofty regions of the atmosphere, as he does on sea or on land.

Charles Baron '29

A TRADUCED GIFT

(First Prize Essay)

We are all free agents. We are masters of our own actions, and can determine our own conduct; we can of our own volition decide to act or not to act in a given case, or choose one course of action in preference to another; we can act on any decision

or choice and adhere to it in spite of every solicitation to the contrary.

This, however, does not mean that we are independent of all law, relieved of every restraint. We are subject to laws divine and human, and liable to restraint physical and moral; we are obliged to obey just laws and submit to reasonable restraint; but we can disobey the one and resist the other. No despot can force the consent of our wills, no chain can fetter our power to choose between right and wrong.

This is so clearly the testimony of our consciousness that one, at first thought, wonders why an explicit revelation has been made of it. With surprise as well as with delight one reads in the Fifteenth Chapter of Ecclesiasticus: "God made man from the beginning and left him in the hands of his own counsel Before man is life and death, good and evil; that which he shall choose shall be given him; for the wisdom of God is great, and He is strong in power, seeing all men without ceasing." Yet we shall not be surprised if we go back to the text preceeding this passage and read; "Say not: He hath caused me to err; for He hath no need for wicked men. The Lord hateth all abomination of error, and they that fear Him shall not love it." Among the worst abominations of errors are the blindness and obstinacy with which men have from the beginning refused to admit the testimony of their own consciousness to free-will, and attribute to God the evil of their ways. Instead of being surprised at this explicit revelation, we should be amazed at the perversity with which false teachers have denied this fact; at the failure of men, even of Christians generally to recognize it in its true light; and at their disposition to pay more attention, if not more respect also, to the unfounded theories of those who deny it than to the testimony of con-

sciousness, to the universal judgement of mankind, and to God's own repeated revelation of it.

Does it not startle us to consider that we dwell in a world which denies the freedom of the human will, and which, therefore, denies any such thing as obligation, merit, retribution, repentance, remorse, and all moral responsibility? Really it does not because we have to some extent, either wittingly or unwittingly, suffered the baneful influence of this denial. Without careful circumspection it is impossible to escape it. Entire nations of men live and die believing in fatalism, in some external cause or combination of causes which determines or necessitates their actions; and their literature helps to spread this fatalistic belief. A number of religious sects profess to believe either that human nature is so corrupt and perverse that it could not exercise freedom rightly if endowed with it, or that God so predetermines our actions as to make it impossible for us to choose them freely.

School after school of so-called philosophers and economists, pantheists, materialists, and utilitarians, have been busy, in the past century more than ever before, proclaiming that some unknown and hidden cause regulates our actions, that a self-determining will is inconceivable,—a contradiction in terms,—that the strongest motive, desire, the character, or some peculiar physical temperament, forces our actions in every case. The books and literature and lectures of these schools spread their pernicious doctrines broadcast. A glance at the books commonly recommended for psychological study or reading in our own universities, colleges, and particularly in our teachers colleges and normal schools will be enough to convince one that a generation of young men and women, many of them future teachers, is being trained to

deny the existence of this the greatest of God's gifts, the one which all others,—reason, imagination, sense—nay, the very soul and body, life itself need for their preservation and protection, without which there can be no solid progress, material or spiritual, no human satisfaction here, no hope for reward hereafter.

It is not very reassuring, truly, to know that the only motive which prevents my most respectable neighbor from damaging my life, reputation, virtue, or property, is the dread of punishment coming from the criminal law; and that the courts which judge him are only too ready to accept pleas of temporary insanity, momentary aberration, irresponsibility, irresistible impulse, lack of moral sense, and the like. It may be true that all do not act on these principles, that an innate sense of right and wrong saves most of them from acting on the principles they affect to believe. Still it is shocking to consider that the society which one is forced to cultivate is made up of men and women who are convinced that human nature is a creature of impulse, the victim of circumstances, of heredity, previous training, present associations, climatic influences, and who credit no one with believing or acting differently from themselves. To keep this in mind may help us to account for the crimes and revelation of crimes that happen daily in our midst; but what an abominable error it is that makes men ignore or suppress their own most honorable faculty, and reduce themselves to the very level of the beasts in the field.

Deplorable it is certainly, and all the more so because those who have the correct view of free-will, either do not regard it as the precious gift that it is, or else fail to cultivate and perfect it by exercise. Too often we permit ourselves to be infected by the

pestilential atmosphere of fatalism in which we live. Men encourage delinquents to invent excuses for their misdeeds by attributing too much, if not all, of the weakness and depravity of the will to heredity, early training, parental neglect, good nature, or environment. Too often we are disposed to extenuate our own misuse of liberty by invoking in our behalf one or another of the reasons enumerated above,—temporary aberration, irresistible impulse, irresponsibility,—which we would not think of conceding to others or suffer them to attribute to us. It is not strange, then, that intemperance, dishonesty, ingratitude, cowardice, and all this horrible crew cease to shock us. We do not think of the meanness there is in imputing to parents the guilt of their children, as well as some possible predisposition to evil; we do not reckon the advantages which people commonly have in helping to counteract evil influences past and present; we forget the clamor of the God-given voice of conscience and the power of the will assisted by Him to resist, and persevere in resisting, the fiercest temptation even unto death.

It is precisely because we lose sight of this assistance of divine grace that we gradually underestimate the extent of our freedom. Destined for an end which is entirely above our natural powers, we have been endowed with supernatural light and strength from above to elevate and fortify our intellect and will, not only occasionally, as one or other action may require, but habitually, so that we need never be without the support needed.

The taint of inheritance, the lack, or inadequacy of early training, the influence of environment, the warp of character, personal depravity, and every other specious excuse for sin ceases to impress us when we think of the agency by which we are lifted up

from the degradation of slavery to enjoy the inheritance of God's children.

Liberty is from God, and God is not wanting in resources to enable us to act in a manner worthy of Him. We must use it to obey His laws and the just laws of those to whom He has given authority over us. If liberty is God's greatest natural gift to man, then we are doing something very pleasing to Him if we persuade others to acknowledge it as a gift from His hand and use it rightly for His glory and the sanctification of mankind.

Spalding Miles '30

EVENING OF GRADUATION DAY

A lone star twinkles in the quiet sky;
And the day's last gleam of light
Rising from the embers of the setting sun
Falls on the drab old school
Like an influence luminous and serene
With a lingering, calm, caressing peace.

The shimmering mists of evening rise;
And in a rosy-golden haze the spires
Of St. Joe's fade and melt away,
As if in closing benediction
They would cast their final shadows
Athwart the minds of those who bid farewell.

So be my passing from St. Joe's classic halls
With all those who for accomplished tasks
Take with themselves the wages in their hearts,
That in remembrance sweet
Thoughts of the school, like the siren's song,
Shall lure me back with friends to its hallowed
walls.

C. Flynn 29'

THE NINTH BEATITUDE

(Second Prize Essay)

It is a philosophical fact that men desire most ardently those things which they do not possess, or from which they think that others derive the greatest amount of pleasure and material gain. For some, wealth or social distinction is the luring mirage which stimulates all their endeavors. These same fanciful attractions, however, after they have been realized, become the bane of their unfortunate possessors, since wealth and social distinction are the parents of discontent which utterly destroys true happiness.

Others, animated by nobler ideals, regard mental or personal qualities as most deserving of acquisition. Of these attributes one of the most valuable is cheerfulness, for, as Johnson says, "It is worth a thousand pounds a year to be able to look at the bright side of things." This habit of cheerfulness is the spontaneous over-flowing of a joyous heart, spreading sunshine and gladness wherever it goes, and fashioning its possessor into a messenger of joy, a fellow-worker with God.

Life is a huge machine, and cheerfulness is its best lubricant. Without oil, the daily grind of business would soon wear out the bearings of life, but, when oiled with cheerfulness, life becomes a smooth-running and almost frictionless machine. Shakespeare says, "A merry heart goes all the day, but a sad one tires in a mile." And Carlyle exclaims: "Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! He will do more in the same time,—he will do it better,—he will persevere longer." Both of these great men realized the importance of the role that cheerfulness plays in the drama of life.

One of the best qualities of cheerfulness is the fact that it is so contagious, that when one person is cheerful, another is gladdened, and he in turn, makes a third happy. Thus is wrought an endless chain of cheer, which is easily created, and which effectively produces universal happiness.

Sydney Smith recommends that we make at least one person happy every day: "Take ten years, and you will make thirty-six hundred and fifty people happy; or brighten a small town by your contribution to the fund of general joy." Is that not an inestimable amount of good resulting from so small an effort each day? Besides, all who partake in this commendable work are generously repaid by the great amount of happiness which they experience merely by making others happy. "I make Jim happy, and he laughs," said a little boy speaking of his invalid brother, "and that makes me happy, and I laugh too."

What is the world but as you take it? "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; cry, and you cry alone." Thackeray calls the world a looking glass that gives back the reflection of one's own face: "Frown at it, and it will look sourly upon you; laugh at it, and it becomes a jolly companion." He who smiles at the world, and finds it agreeable, is the cheerful man; whereas, he who frowns at it is the pessimist. The latter is a man who looks on the sun only as a thing which casts a shadow, instead of regarding the shadow only as a positive sign that the sun is shining. No matter what singular blessings he may be enjoying, a crabbed pessimist considers only his troubles. Trivial though they may be, he imagines that they are enormous, ponderous things which only a select few are capable of bearing without complaining. And what is worse, he is not content with facing only his present difficulties, but he must create

imaginary cares, or else pry into the future in search of hidden troubles. He is like the woman who said, "O, I'm awfully worried this morning." And when asked by her neighbor what was wrong, she sighed deeply and replied, "Why, I thought of something to worry about last night, and now I can't remember what it was." Instead of her being glad that she had forgotten her trouble, she broods over the loss of it. How foolish it is to increase worries, for, as Lady Holland says, "Troubles grow larger by nursing."

It is also sheer folly to anticipate misfortune. "He grieves," says Seneca, "more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary." Few realize this fact more than did a certain prominent business man, whose dying message was, "My children, during my long life, I have had a great many troubles, most of which never happened." This sorry man learned from sad experience, and after it was too late to benefit thereby, that all future cares are not only mere possibilities, but that most of them vanish like phantoms as the future revolves into the present.

A clock would be of no use as a time-keeper if it should become discouraged and come to a standstill by calculating its work for a year in advance, as did the clock in Jane Taylor's fable. So it is with mankind. It is not the few real troubles of today, but those anticipated ones of tomorrow, and next week, and next year which cause premature old-age with its hoary locks and haggard faces. Most people err by trying to live too much life at once, instead of living one day at a time. A happy, and successful life is like a magnificent mosaic, which is beautiful as a whole, only because each tiny piece, of which it is composed, was cut and set with care, first one piece, and then another.

By contrasting the pessimist with the optimist, or cheerful man, we find that the former, because he is a discontented and complaining mortal, is a misfit in life, a discord in the world; whereas the latter, because he is necessarily happy and cheerful, is a blessing to mankind, a full, harmonious chord in God's creation.

If, therefore, everyone would build a wall around "Today", and would live optimistically within its enclosure, trying to cheer others, he would surely find life to be one continual day of Eutopian sunshine and happiness, the evening of which will be eternal eons of celestial joy, for N. P. Willis, I think, has added to the eight beautitudes a ninth, "Blessed are the Joy-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

John W. Baechle '30



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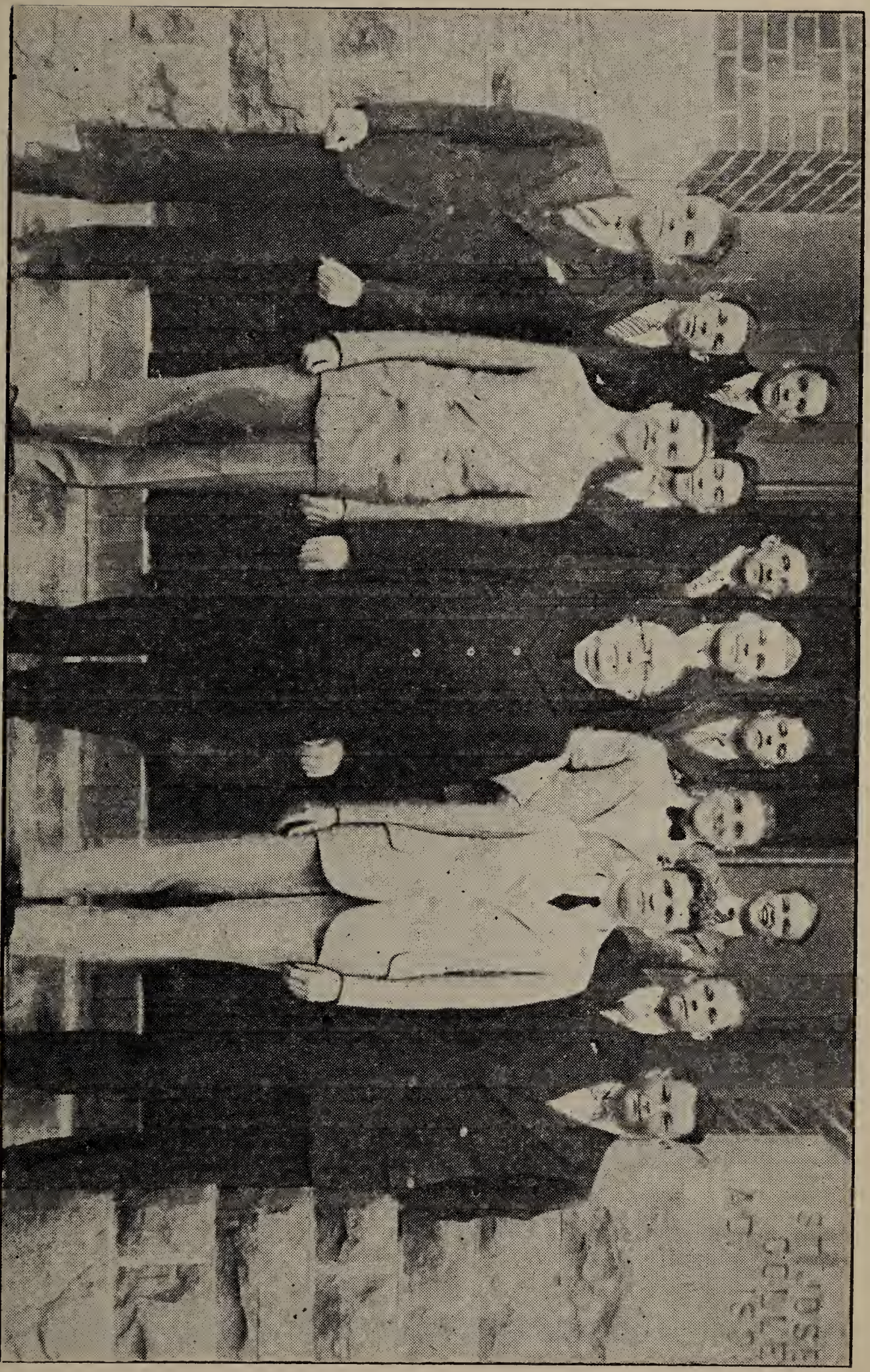
THE STAFF

Thomas Corcoran, '29	-----	Editor
Othmar Missler, '29	-----	Ass't. Editor
Spalding Miles, '30	-----	Exchange Editor
Roland Flinn, '29	-----	Ass't. Exchange Editor
Joseph Hageman, '29	-----	Library Notes
John Wissert, '29	-----	Locals
Charles Spalding, '29	-----	Sports
Michael Walz, '29	-----	Societies
Francis Matthews, '29	-----	Humor Editor
Charles Antony, '29	}	Associate Editors
Richard Aubry, '29		
Herbert Linenberger, '29		
Daniel Nolan, '29	-----	Business Manager
Cornelius Flynn, '29	-----	Ass't. Business Manager
Joseph Schill, '29	-----	

EDITORIALS

Conceit And The Graduate

During the month of June, those men who with brush and pen daily tickle the newspaper-reading-public's funnybone take particular delight in giving publicity to the faults and foibles of two particular classes of people, June brides and June graduates. Time and again have cartoonists and columnists made capital of the proverbial ignorance in matters culinary of the June bride, and the proverbial superiority complex of the June graduate. Very few newspaper readers there are who are not familiar with the cartoon which depicts a young man in cap and gown indulgently patting the back of a rotund gentleman who represents the remainder of the world. In the space where cartoon characters' remarks are printed,



COLLEGIAN STAFF—'28-'29

Left to right, Front Row:—J. Schill, T. Corcoran, Rev. M. B. Koester, C. P. S.; C. Flynn, H. Linenberger; Sec-
ond Row:—M. Walz, D. Nolan, S. Miles, F. Matthews, O. Missler; Third Row:—J. Hageman, J. Wissert, C. Antony, C.
Spalding.

this same cartoon usually represents the young graduate as saying: "Now, my good man, I'll take care of all your troubles. Everything will be remedied in short order."

Possibly there are a great many college men who stride forth from the doors of institutions of higher learning with an exaggerated idea of their intellectual superiority. These men, however, are to be pitied. Although they may have received the distinction of a "summa cum laude," they have failed to imbibe a lesson which is much needed by so many of those people whom the world calls learned. A man who leaves college without a spirit of humility has ceased to learn. To impart knowledge merely is not the purpose of a college, its purpose is to inculcate a love of learning. In college a man receives his tools. With these tools he begins to cultivate his intellect in college, and this process of cultivation, if the man has well-learned his lesson, will continue till his dying day. He who learns from day to day will be less prone to imagine his superiority over the remainder of mankind. "Real culture," as William James very truthfully remarks, "lives by sympathies and admirations not by dislikes and disdains."

One advantage possessed by the student whose grades never amazed his companions is that he is less liable than his more brilliant brother to contract intellectual conceit. The merely ordinary student, free from the paralyzing effects of pride, may be filled with a zest for the things of the intellect, he may have a discontent with anything but the truth, he may have acquired the long-sighted patience which is one of the characteristics of the truly cultured man. Another student, though his grade lack only a hair's breadth of reaching the one hundred percent mark, will be farther away than the merely ordinary student

from the status of a really educated man if his years in college have not made him zestful for intellectual things, if they have not created in him a thirst for truth, and if they have not taught him "to see clear amid the mass of human error and through the mists of human passion."

A Century And A Half Ago

Somewhere in Canada in an unmarked grave, there rests the body of a man who played a leading role in an exploit which brought under the flag of the United States a territory large enough to make a Caesar, an Alexander, or a Napoleon envious. This man's patriotism helped win for this country the territory from which has been carved the states of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, and Michigan. Other and more far-reaching results of the conquest of the old Northwest were the opening up of the great plains of the West and the westward march of civilization to the Pacific Ocean. The man who helped make this marvelous growth possible and whose grave is unknown was Father Pierre Gibault. With General George Rogers Clark and Francis Vigo, Father Gibault formed the triumvirate that brought about the American victories at Kaskaskia, Illinois and Vincennes, Indiana, during the Revolutionary War.

Only in recent years have historians come to realize the importance of General George Rogers Clark's conquest of the old Northwest. Bunker Hill, Concord, and Valley Forge have long been familiar names to Americans, both young and old. A closer scrutiny of the historial records, however, reveals the fact that along with these names, there deserves to rank the name of another Revolutionary battle—Vincennes. Had it not been for Clark's capture of Fort Sackville, the site of the present city of Vincennes, it is probable

that the United States would never have grown to its present size. It would be appalling to imagine what the United States would be without its rich and vigorous Middle West, not to mention its fertile Far West.

At last, a century and a half after the conquest of the old Northwest, the people of the Middle West are paying some fit tribute to the heroes who made that conquest possible. At Vincennes, Ind., that city, the state of Indiana, and the federal government have united to build a memorial to George Rogers Clark, Francis Vigo, the humble missionary, Father Gibault, and the other men of 1778-79 as the builders of the great Middle West, the heart of the nation.

One is refreshed to see the Middle West pause in its strenuous efforts to add to its already great prosperity and pay tribute to its pioneers. If the inhabitants of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Michigan raise not only the monument of marble at the site of Fort Sackville, but raise also the monuments of lives lived with the idealism and courage of the heroic Father Gibault, and his heroic companions, George Rogers Clark and Francis Vigo, the Middle West will cease to produce the types made too well-known by Sinclair Lewis in "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," and "Main Street."

He who loveth a book will never want for a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.—Isaac Barrow.

Go not abroad; retire into thyself, for truth dwells in the inner man.—St. Augustine.

FLOWERS

The faintly tinted, tippet flowers
Fling their mellow charming hues
Over fields and emerald bowers
Far as Eos casts his dew.

Here the snowdrop meekly swaying
Lures the gauzy winged bee;
There the fritillaries playing
Fill the thrush's heart with glee.

Yonder jacinths ever sighing
Woo the beaming eye of day;
While the rose is deftly tying
Ruby lamps on every spray.

Timid harebells spread their pinions
Daedal-fashion o'er the glade;
Pale narcissus in battalions
Stand like guardians on parade.

Lo! the foxglove bows in deference
To the parting sunset glow;
While the lily, flower of prudence,
Clothes her form in garb of snow.

Bright with gold and green the sumac
Proudly lifts his burnished crown;
But, be mine the fairy lilac
In her Tyrian purple gown.

EXCHANGES

In saying good-bye, we of the Exchange Department follow the good old custom. We are aware of the fact that the world's equilibrium will not be disturbed by our exit from office, nor do we anticipate for ourselves any wonderful change. But we must say farewell. Everyone does it,—so must we. Our course is run and our successor is waiting in nervous anxiety to climb our throne of state and grasp our rod of power. Before we retreat, however, allow us to wander just once more over our old-time haunts.

College journalism has reached a standard of excellence. It is because of this standard that the college magazine has now a real educational value. A college paper of high standard encourages good writing, and good writing, in turn, necessitates good thinking. Class-room work and themes are useful factors in the cultivation of literary habits, but if the promise of publication is attached to this work, how much more of an incentive is there not for the student to do his best, and, moreover, how much easier is it not for the writer to see his own weaknesses?

It is only as an educational factor that college journalism should be viewed, and because of this fact every student should strive to make the journal of his Alma Mater the best possible. So keeping in mind that journalism is a vital and important educational factor, let everyone do his part to help push the standard of college journalism just a notch higher.

We are grateful for what favorable reviews and bits of praise our fellow Exchange Editors deigned to bestow upon us in the past year. As far as we

can judge from the attitude taken towards us by our exchanges, the work that we have done in the Collegian was quite satisfactory; and speaking in the name of next year's staff we feel it to be warranted that they will do all in their power to improve the standard that was set for them by the past year.

The Collegian heartily welcomes everyone of its exchanges with renewed interest in the fall of the year when, as it is customary, schools open again. At that time, the Collegian will continue to give whatever little help it can give in the field of college journalism, but, above all, it will try to derive real benefit from its exchanges as it has done during the past.

May the summer months bring rest and good cheer to the members of the staffs who have edited our large assortment of exchanges. Without exception these staffs have excellent reasons to look back upon their work with pride and satisfaction, and they richly deserve the reward that hard labor should bring.

Spalding Miles, '30

LIBRARY NOTES

The last call for Library Notes for the June number of the Collegian has been sounded. With notes of previous issues dealing with information, and instruction, as well as cautions pertaining to books, and authors, and reading, and library tools; what can be more opportune for the final number than a survey of library activities for the past year?

To say that the year has been very successful would mean to indulge in one of the generalities so often condemned in the class room. Judged by the in-

terest and the response on the part of the readers, the year presents achievements which surpass all previous records.

An actual check up of reading cards indicates a circulation of 4,140 books, which is an average of fourteen per student. That number does not include books consulted in the library or references to bound magazines. Naturally the books were not all bulky octavo or quarto volumes, nor did they all pertain to the profound sciences of educational tests and measurements, nor to the art of study and thinking. They were books of history, biography, literature, religion, the natural and social sciences, music, and not an unfair sprinkling of fiction. But, one and all, they were the books that should command the interest of youth.

Figuring for most of the books read, a number of other books that were handled and paged and consulted or questioned about, one can easily realize the possibility of congestion at the service window, and one can get a pretty good idea of the demand made on the librarians' time. Little wonder then that the librarians encouraged not only the open shelf system; namely, the system of going among the book stacks and making selections from the shelves rather than from the catalog; but also encouraged the self-service method in regard to checking or cancelling of books loaned or returned. Methods such as these may cause a few misplacements of the books on shelves and occasionally an inaccuracy in the charging system, all of which entails a little added work in the way of straightening out books and cards, but irregularities of this nature are amply compensated in a saving of time on the part of the librarian, and in an added interest on the part of the reader,—some youthful readers spending about as much time in tasting and selecting books as they do in reading them.

As to the actual reading of all books charged on cards, admission must be made that not all books have been read in their entirety; reference books cannot be expected to be covered entirely in all instances. That many books have been subjected to methods more rude than moderate use will allow is readily attested by the bookbinder. The overtime on books and renewals would give some added information as to the real use of the books, but the best evidence on the part of the freshman class must be the filling out of the printed book report blanks which demands a quite thorough perusal of the book. There is no doubt that these book reports and the credit attached to them has done much to stimulate reading, both as to quality and quantity, so as to warrant some similar methods in other classes.

All the time, however, has not been given to reading books. A survey over a large period of time discloses that of all the occupants of the reading room during both recreation and regular reading periods, close to half devote themselves to current literature, the proportion rising with students of the higher classes, while the younger ones can be seen often with pencil in hand gathering material for compositions.

Notwithstanding the fact that the reading room is equipped with chairs and tables to accommodate no less than twenty-five percent of the student body at one time, time and again during the winter and spring months, seats have been at a premium. This, during time of recreation, is a condition which, of course, bespeaks all the more zeal on the part of the readers.

Just how far each student has profited by the advantages offered remains a thing of knowledge only to himself. Certain it is, as far as records in such

matters go, that some could have been much fairer with themselves. Still there are so many conditions that must be taken into consideration: conditions of health, brain power, will power, and environments both at home and in school. Then also there are engagements in other commendable activities, that, in many cases, to judge would be temerity. Let conscience judge; but conscience itself must be kept right by the knowledge of the importance of the matter.

“Reading in youth will guide a whole life. Out of it youth will develop a thousand antennae which invisibly feel for life and find it Reading is the universal and sympathetic eye. It acquaints man with his past, traditions, prejudices, errors, and benevolences. It awakens understanding even when, as in fiction, it does not give information. It interprets. It is a place on a mountain top.”

Vacation is now at hand. To some it means a time of greater leisure; for others, who must face the grim reality of earning a livelihood, it may restrict even the ordinary opportunities. Time and space do not permit a long exhortation. Suffice here the reminder that vacation time covers fully one quarter of the time of youth—golden time of opportunities for self-improvement that will never come again. Will that time be a period of mental drowsiness or a period of mental stimulation?

FLOWERS FROM MOUNT CALVARY

From the book, “Why Is Thy Apparel Red,” written by Rev. M. F. Walz, C.P.P.S., formerly a professor at St. Joseph’s College, an attractive little volume of meditations for July, the month of the Precious Blood, has been recently prepared. These meditations, grouped under the title “Flowers From Mount Calvary,” are written in a clear, vivid style and should appeal

strongly to all devout lovers of the Divine Blood which was shed on the Cross for man's salvation.

"Flowers from Mount Calvary" serves to remind its reader of the immense power of sanctification, expiation, protection, and intercession to be gained by an ardent devotion to the Most Precious Blood of Jesus Christ. Like a mighty bulwark the Precious Blood stands beside man as a champion in the ceaseless warfare against sin, imbuing man with courage, strength, and comfort in all his daily trials and tribulations. It is the most powerful means to make man realize the malice of sin, to lead him back to God, and infuse in him a sense of gratitude towards Jesus who invites:

"Come, bathe you in that healing flood,
All you who mourn with sin oppressed,
Your only hope is Jesus' blood,
His Sacred Heart your only rest."

In publishing these valuable meditations in a volume which can easily be carried about in one's pocket, The Monastery of the Precious Blood, Manchester, N. H., and St. Charles Bookbindery, Carthage, Ohio, have done a praiseworthy work.

SOCIETIES

IN APPRECIATION

Before reviewing the year's activities of the Columbian Literary Society and of the Newman Club, it is altogether proper that a word of appreciation be expressed to those persons whose efforts have played a most important part in the unusual success of these societies during the past year, and yet whose work seems to have passed comparatively unnoticed while

the casts of the various plays are congratulated for their work.

First of all, it must be remembered that during every play presented on the local stage, there is behind the scenes a person who perhaps has spent more time and worry over the event than have the players themselves, who has actually developed each character of the play, but who seldom receives the credit which he deserves for the success of the performance. Words are too shallow to express the gratitude of the students toward this person—Father Ildephonse Rapp.

Another individual deserving of special mention is Professor Tonner, a musician of whom St. Joseph's is justly proud. Were it not for the music that accompanies every program, there would probably be many long, uninteresting minutes spent in the auditorium between acts of the plays. The C. L. S. and Newman Club, therefore, realize their debt of gratitude to Mr. Tonner under whose direction the band and orchestra have added to the merit of every public program.

Special credit is due, likewise, to the stage managers, whose work this year was unusually well done in spite of the many difficult settings required by the various performances—particularly by the recent production "Across the Street." Very few of the students realize the amount of time that the stage managers spend in preparation for the different programs, but let these words serve as an appreciation for the diligent work of the persons in question, John Wissert and Raymond Guillozet.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Alumni were by no means disappointed in the entertainment afforded them by the Columbians on May 14 in the presentation of the farcical comedy,

"Across the Street." The play itself, with its captivating plot and well enacted climaxes—all sprinkled with rollicking fun and humor, was an apt program to be presented before the organization after which Alumni Hall has been named, and it is a compliment to the cast to have upheld the reputation established by "The Fall Guy."

"Across the Street" is the story of a typical small town, Glendale, which has come to a civic and industrial standstill because a group of self-appointed selectmen manage it in their own interests. To the townspeople, the principal objects of disgust in their town are the local newspaper, a tool of the selectmen, and the local dry goods store. When Kenneth Dodge, a young city reporter is sent to Glendale as associate editor of the paper, the plot of the story begins to take form. In reality, Dodge has no talent for editorial work; he does, however, possess a keen business mind. Upon discovery that Joe Bagley, the unsuccessful proprietor of the dry-goods store, is ambitious to become associate editor of the paper, Dodge contrives a scheme. Bagley secretly edits the paper and by means of his clever editorials uncovers the fraud which has held Glendale in a stagnant condition for many years. Meanwhile Dodge, apparently working at the newspaper office, secretly converts the sickly store into a prosperous emporium. The execution, in spite of numerous discouraging moments, in the clever strategy of the two crossed wires, Bagley and Dodge, is the life of the play.

Since each character lived his part in true-to-life fashion, there were no weak spots in the cast of the performance. As a hateful, tyrannical town-boss, Alois Friedrich afforded a very good impersonation of Oberly Musgrave, editor of the Glendale Observer. Harry Stapleton, a one-time honest, popular and suc-

cessful contractor, who has been lured into some shady construction deals by Musgrave, received a typically villainous representation in the person of Joseph Schill. Cal Abbot, another villain—a humorous and fiery old-timer, was comically impersonated by Louis Huffman. On the brow of Andrew Pollak, the supremely comical, cackling old fogey of the play, Cy Perkins,—the one selectman of Glendale who stands for law and order—the laurels of the evening would find a fitting resting place. Joe Bagley, the man who has the interests of Glendale at heart, one of the crossed wires who helped reform the town, was consistently and very fittingly represented by Othmar Missler. The role of Kenneth Dodge, the other crossed wire, and the hero of the story, was carried by Michael Walz. Highly prominent among the stars of the play was William Pike. His impersonation of Kenneth's doting father from Kentucky was practically perfect.

The C. L. S. received many well-founded compliments on the choice of female characters in the Alumni Day performance. Perhaps the most typically feminine character seen on the college stage in recent years was Agnes Ellery. In this role, the acting of Paul Boltz could hardly have been better, while in his pleasing work as Mildred Martin, Virgil Van Oss was practically on a par with Paul Boltz. Finally, Joe Bagley's kind-hearted mother was splendidly impersonated by Roman Missler.

The C. L. S. has yet to present a mystery comedy, "The Ghost Bird," for commencement. If this program equals the standard of recent C. L. S. productions, then it may, in all truthfulness, be said to conclude the most successful year that the Columbians have enjoyed in many a moon. Presenting five different major productions: "Kick In," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Fall Guy," "Across the

Street," and "The Ghost Bird," each with a new leading character, and repeating none of their plays, the Columbians of '28-'29 must certainly be hailed with applause for having hoisted their banner of success even higher than it was ever raised before. Very successful also were the two varied literary programs of the year.

The first Columbian to speak in the auditorium after the hall had been frescoed last winter expressed the resolution of the C. L. S. to improve its performances in proportion as the surroundings themselves had been improved. This hope has, indeed, been realized, for the C. L. S. has become better with each successive public appearance. The two staffs of officers of the past year can feel proud of the great things accomplished by the society during their terms of office, for this school year has been a golden one for the C. L. S.

NEWMAN CLUB

The initial number of the Collegian remarked that the Newman Club faced an arduous task this year if it intended to surpass the Newman accomplishments of '27-'28. It is, therefore, very pleasing to state in this final issue that the Newmanites of '28 '29 close their records with the satisfaction of having enhanced the reputation of the society, particularly in their public performances. Usually the Newman programs of former years consisted of one-act plays, dialogues, readings, and the like. In 1927, and again in 1928, a three-act play was successfully staged by the society, but unprecedented in the history of the Newman Club is the fact that the society this year has presented two three-act comedies with special success. The casts in these two productions, "Adam's Apple" and "Putting It Over," manifested the

ease of more experienced actors and hence they have brought greater popularity to their society.

Real enthusiasm characterized every undertaking of the Newman Club during both semesters. This spirit together with the work of the Rev. Moderator and the two staffs of officers has brought about the crowning of the year's work with success. The Newmanites have once been called "The Columbians in the Making." Indeed, they can be assured a warm welcome to the ranks of the C. L. S. next September, for their spirit and their ability will be an asset to the Columbians. If the members of the present third class, who will assume the title of Newmanites next year, can achieve the same success that has characterized the Newman undertakings of the past year, then they can rest assured that they have done their duty.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The raffle recently sponsored by the Dwenger Mission Unit was held in a rather novel fashion on Sunday evening, May 26. The band concert scheduled for the evening was made a bit more interesting by the fact that after each musical rendition several of the prizes were raffled. Rouleau Joubert and Bela Szemetko were in charge of the affair. A large number of prizes was offered, and in spite of being held late in the year the raffle was a success.

As Tuesday, May 28, was the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, patron of the Dwenger Mission Unit, Father Knue, moderator of the society, commemorated the day with a High Mass.

The doings of the unit for the year were officially brought to a close with the meeting on Saturday evening, May 18. A short play was presented before the assembly by Alex Leiker, Albert Rable, and John

Lefko, and the president, Thomas Durkin, delivered a short talk reviewing the year's activities of the society. A very interesting part of the meeting was Father Knue's timely little talk on the purpose of the D. M. U. In his talk, the Rev. Moderator also expressed his satisfaction with the things accomplished by this year's society. Various disbursements were made and boxes were sent out by the organization during the year, and a short-story contest and raffle were successfully sponsored. The greatest success of the D. M. U., however, is the achievement of its primary aim—to interest its members in missionary activities. The enrollment of the society during the past year was the greatest since the reorganization of the unit in 1925, and it is hoped that the enrollment will increase from year to year, thus arousing greater missionary enthusiasm among the students.

RALEIGH CLUB

The meetings and programs of the Raleigh Club have not been as numerous during '28-'29 as they were in former years. During the first semester of the school year the club conducted an interesting initiation, held monthly meetings, and enjoyed several programs, but during the final semester only one meeting was held after the midyear election of officers, when the government of the club was entrusted to a committee consisting of representatives of the various classes. But just recently the Raleigh men have enjoyed their annual smoker "on the Alumni"—thanks Alumni!

In other respects, however, the Raleigh Club has witnessed many timely improvements since September. The first addition to the club room was the Radiola which was installed last October. This source of amusement has not been idle a single day since its

installation, and as a result, the old Victrola has enjoyed a year of almost perfect leisure. The improvement which the smoking quarters have needed for the past several years—a new set of chairs—finally arrived during the second term. Moreover, all the tables in the room have received attractive leatherette coverings. Hence, even though the smokers have missed some of their spirited meetings, they can feel satisfied that their smoking quarters and facilities have been improved to the point where they can be considered an object of pride.

ALUMNI NOTES

In spite of the threatening aspect of an overcast sky which seemed every moment to be about to deluge St. Joseph's with a flood of water, the annual influx of Alumni took place on the afternoon of May 14. Professor Paul Tonner gave the visitors a fine treat in the form of a well arranged and excellently played band concert. In the evening, a play "Across the Street" was staged by the Columbian Literary Society for the entertainment of the Alumni. The fact that C. L. S. members were walking about with their chests sticking out two or three feet for several days after the production of "Across the Street" is at least one proof that the remarks of the Alumni who had witnessed the performance were anything but derogatory. For further details, dear reader, please consult someone who was fortunate enough to be present in St. Joseph's Auditorium on the eve of Alumni Day.

Contrary to the writer's most optimistic expectations, Alumni Day, May 15, turned out to be a handsome copy of one of those rare days in June

which one often reads about but rarely sees. A solemn High Mass for the deceased members of the Alumni Association very fittingly opened the day's activities. After the High Mass, things became very interesting. The annual ball game between the Alumni team and the College team took place. It is the object of the writer of these notes to mention but a few incidents of the game. Full details will be found in the sports columns. One of the most touching incidents of the game had as its chief factor, Father Meinard Koester, who from his point of vantage, some fifty feet or so from the grandstand would at certain intervals call out in a clear loud voice, "Alumni three, College nothing." Not to be outdone in generosity, the College rooters in the stand and on the sidelines would respond to a man with fifteen or more beautiful and voluminous quacks. Needless to say a great time was had by all. St. Joseph's hat is off to the Alumni team of 1929. The old grads certainly had a fine team and put up a fine game of ball. Many were the favorable comments on the technique of Mr. Wolfhorst who did the receiving for the Alumni team.

The disappointment of the Alumni at having victory snatched from their grasp by a last inning rally which enabled the College to tie the score was soon forgotten at the banquet which followed the game. At the conclusion of the banquet, the Alumni Association elected the following officers: president, Mr. J. Kolman Reppa; first vice president, The Rev. Edward Vurpillat; second vice president, The Rev. Paul Deery; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Henry Hipskind; historian, The Rev. Meinrad B. Koester, C. PP. S.; executive committee, The Rev. John McCarthy, Mr. Bryan Dolan; essay judges, The Rev. Nicholas Huemmer, The Rev. Charles Feltes, Mr.

John Mattingly; auditors, The Rev. Paul Deery, Mr. Charles Wolfhorst, Mr. Bernard Lear.

One of the happiest days that St. Joseph's has experienced for some time was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of one of the College's reverend professors, namely, Father I. Rapp, C. PP. S., on Tuesday, May 21. Preparations for this happy event had been made with the utmost secrecy and it came as an almost totally unexpected surprise to the Reverend Jubilarian. At nine o'clock, Tuesday morning, a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Ildephonse at which the choir, under the able direction of Father Eugene Omlor, put forth their best effort of this year. A beautiful sermon by Father Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., of St. Augustine's Church of Rensselaer, Ind. was preached. In his sermon, Father Neiberg extolled the glory of the Catholic priesthood as exemplified in the life of the Reverend Jubilarian.

At noon, the Reverend Jubilarian and his guests, comprising a number of his close relatives, some reverend friends, and also the Reverend Fathers of St. Joseph's, repaired to the refectory which had been especially decorated for this occasion. There they partook of an excellent banquet which had been prepared by the Sisters.

In the evening, a fine little program was given in the College auditorium. Two songs by the combined college choirs assisted by the orchestra, a number of musical selections by the orchestra and individual selections on violin and piano comprised the major portion of the program. The Very Reverend Rector, Father J. B. Kenkel, C. PP. S., opened the evening's activities with a very delightful tribute to the Reverend Jubilarian. Paul Knapke as president of the Columbian Literary Society delivered

a short address in behalf of the members of St. Joseph's senior literary society after which he presented Father Rapp with a purse of fifty dollars. In behalf of the Newman Club, Ralph Boker, the leader of St. Joseph's junior literary society also spoke. At the conclusion of the speech, Mr. Boker presented the Reverend Jubilarian with a handsome lounging chair, a gift from the Newman Club. John Wissert as a representative of the student body also made a short address during the course of which he presented Father Rapp with a beautiful ottoman to match the chair presented by the Newman Club, together with a smoking stand and a handsome pastel.

The Reverend Jubilarian himself was finally prevailed upon to make a few remarks much to the delight of those assembled. He very appropriately summed up his feelings in regard to the demonstration in his honor by the words, "Lord it is good for me to be here."

Accompanied by the orchestra, the entire assemblage sang the college hymn. This brought to a close the happy activities of the day that will long be remembered as a delightful recollection "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought we bring back the memory of the things that are past."

With this issue, the writer of these notes bids you a reluctant farewell, Alumni of St. Joseph's. It is his sincere hope that during the past year his messages to you have convinced you that your Alma Mater still has your interests and welfare at heart. Why not let the Collegian Staff hear from you once in a while? You may be sure of a hearty welcome for any word from you.

FISHING TIME

The finest time, it seems to me, of all the good long
year,

Is when the buds begin to wake, and springtime
birds appear,

When rivers break their shells of ice and on the
swelling tide,

Like phantom derelicts unmanned, the silent ice-
rafts glide,

When purple hazes paint the bluffs, where once the
snow banks lay,

When heat waves shimmer on the hills, and spring
has come to stay.

O! Give me then a quiet cove, where wavelets lap
the shore,

A hook, a line, a worm, a pole—I'll ask for nothing
more,

There would I watch the telltale cork betray the sud-
den "bite",

And dreaming there I'd fish away till shadows
brought the night.

If you would mend a broken nerve, or cure a troubled
soul,

Prescribe a radiant day, a hook, a line, a fishing
pole.

Edward Zurcher '29

COMMENCEMENT

The thirty-fourth annual commencement of St. Joseph's College will be held on June 11 and 12. A band concert, Tuesday afternoon, June 11, at four o'clock will officially open the commencement exercises. A particularly interesting aspect of 1929's commencement will be the fact that not only will St. Joseph's be honored by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, D. D., Bishop of Toledo, Ohio, but it will be honored also by the fact that His Lordship, besides presenting the diplomas and awarding medals, will deliver the baccalaureate address. St. Joseph's has been favored on former occasions with an address by the Right Rev. Bishop Stritch, so it can be safely asserted that there is an exceptional treat in store for those fortunate enough to be present at the commencement exercises.

Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, the C. L. S., St. Joseph's senior literary society, will present "The Ghost Bird," a mystery play, at the college auditorium. The salutatory address by Othmar Missler will precede the class play. On Wednesday morning following the address of the valedictorian, Michael Walz, and the commencement address by the Right Rev. Bishop, the awarding of medals and diplomas will take place.

Early indications are that there will be a very large number of visitors for the commencement exercises. After the closing exercises, Wednesday morning, there will be, no doubt, the general hustle and bustle which characterizes every exodus of students at the close of school.

Once more a large group of students will go forth from the walls of St. Joseph's to continue their studies in other institutions. Let these students re-



Michael Walz Florian Harkke Frank Rehberger Andrew Jollak Charles Antony Robert Plunk Paul Babin Joseph Nagman



Albert Gordon



Wilfried Druffel



Anthony Bogus



John Ryan



Robert Neumayer



Herbert Eichenberger



William Pike



John Weissert



Richard Sarnemann



Paul Knapke



August Zimberge



Louis Huffman



Richard Hubry



Oelmar Miesler



Joseph Bennett



Charles Spaiding



Paul Boltz



Edward Lischer



Charles Johnes



Joseph Schull



Edmund Gualbert



Francis Matthews



Roman Hissler



Henry Mig



James Stapleton



Henry Barge



Cornelius Hynn



Thomas Corcoran



William Neffhaus

member that the anxious solicitude of St. Joseph's College goes with them no matter where they may be in the future. Considerably large will be the number of good-byes that will be exchanged at this year's commencement. If these partings mean but good-bye, all is well; St. Joseph's hopes, however, that these partings do not mean irrevocable farewells.

“GRAD” GOSSIP

From out where the cedars of Washington meet the placid Pacific, from the sands of Long Island where the rough Atlantic laps the base of the Statue of Liberty, and even from a land beyond the Atlantic, have come the Seniors of 1929. Although the bulk of the class hails from the Mid-West, still a sufficient number of its members has travelled to St. Joseph's from far-flung sections of the country to give a cosmopolitan air to the class.

John Wissert, class president, claims as his home, Brooklyn, one of the five boroughs of New York City. Of the three talented pianists and organists of the class, Wilfrid Druffel, hails from far-off Colton, Washington; Albert Gordon from the Great Lakes region, Saginaw, Michigan, and Paul Knapke from nearby Minster, Ohio. To the wide open spaces of Texas, and to the rustic hamlet of Botkins, Ohio, the twenty-niners owe respectively their two humorists, Francis Matthews, familiarly known by his signature “F. M.”, and Joseph Hageman, whose pseudonym is “Bozo”. Class yell leaders came from home and abroad. After a preliminary training at Tiffin, Ohio, Louis Huffman took up the position of cheer leader of the class of '29; his able co-worker, Robert Newmeyer, however, perfected his highly individualized technique in Austria before devoting his services to the boys of '29.

Besides Matthews, who hails from San Antonio, Texas, the class of '29 has several other members who make the sunny South their home. From the very gateway to Dixie—Kentucky, came William Augustine Pike of Louisville; Charles Spalding of Bardstown, the birthplace of Stephen Foster's famous song "My Old Kentucky Home" and the seat of the first Catholic cathedral west of the Alleghenies; and from Kentucky also came Paul Babin, a local "Jakie May" who calls Newport his home. The wide open spaces of the West have contributed Herbert Linenberger, Hays, Kansas, and Charles Johns, St. Joseph, Missouri. The North is represented by William Neuhaus and Albert Gordon of Saginaw, Michigan.

An outstanding characteristic of the class of '29 is the fact that no one individual of the class might be pointed out as the most prominent or leading figure of the twenty-niners. Taken as a whole, however, the class has achieved exceptional success in more than one line of endeavor during its years at St. Joseph's. The C. L. S. can be proud to have such men as Henry Alig, Fort Recovery, Ohio; James Stapleton, Swanton, Ohio; Michael Walz, Defiance, Ohio, Paul Boltz, Dayton, Ohio; Andrew Pollak, Cleveland, Ohio; W. A. Pike, Louisville, Ky.; and Albert Gordon, Saginaw, Michigan. These men made the public programs of the society the great successes they undoubtedly were this year. Roman Missler, Bellevue, Ohio; Joseph Bennett, Springfield, Ohio; Edwin Guillozet, Piqua, Ohio, William Neuhaus, Edward Zurcher, and Charles Johns also took part in some of the major productions of the year. Practically every member of the class had a role in one or another of the year's plays.

In scholastic events, Othmar Missler, Toledo, Ohio; Joseph Schill, Fostoria, Ohio; Paul Knapke. Andrew Pollak, and Michael Walz would very well

hold their own with the best. Particularly apt in the line of sports was the class of '29. Twice the football championship fell to the present seniors; twice the basketball championship was won, and once the baseball pennant was taken by the class. In the Academic League, the basketball championship was twice taken. Such players as Henry Barge, Sidney, Ohio, a three-sports man and a star at each sport; Florian Hartke, Carthagen, Ohio, Paul Babin and Joseph Schill, also three-sports men; John Ryan, Dayton, Ohio; Paul Anzinger, Springfield, Ohio; Richard Aubry, Toledo, Ohio, a great little football coach, speedy outfielder, and calisthenics instructor; Herbert Linenberger, Henry Alig, Charles Spalding, Augustine Pike, Edwin Guillozet, Thomas Corcoran, and Andrew Pollak made all these wins possible. Among those other seniors who won major sports awards were Anthony Vogus, Norwalk, Ohio; Cornelius Flynn, Lima, Ohio; and Daniel Nolan, Aurora, Indiana, members of the championship football team of 1928; and Charles Antony, Coldwater, Ohio, a member of the baseball champions of 1928. Prominent in the revival of Turner Hall activities were Roland Flinn, Loveland, Ohio; Edward Zurcher, Norwalk, Ohio; Paul Boltz, Francis Matthews, Joseph Hageman, Anthony Vogus, and Richard Aubry. Francis Rehberger of Cleveland, Ohio, in addition to playing a prominent part in the football victories of his class, has also the distinction of serving one term as president of the Raleigh Club.

The foregoing paragraphs are not intended to be an exhaustive dissertation on the merits, abilities, and achievements of the class of '29, but on the contrary they are merely a brief resume of the major activities of the present graduating class, and will serve also to give the reader at least a casual knowledge of the individual members of the class of '29.

LOCALS

Dame Nature was smiling her prettiest when she ushered in the beautiful month of Our Blessed Lady. This smile did not last long, however, but was succeeded by a frown that left us, Collegevillians, in doubt as to just what to expect of the elements for the month of May. But now normalcy has returned and all is as it should be at St. Joseph's.

By way of diversion, the movie called "The Canary Murder Case"—something like "The Bat," was shown at the college auditorium on the evening of May 1.

One of the most eagerly looked-forward-to events for the graduating class took place on May 3. On that day, the preliminary trial for the annual Oratory Contest was held. Excellent orations and extraordinary ability in expression marked the efforts of practically all the participants in the trial. The following are the names of the successful contestants as announced immediately after the preliminary contest: Charles Antony, Coldwater, Ohio, "Child Labor in the United States"; Charles Baron, Toledo, Ohio, "Three Magic Moments"; Cornelius Flynn, Lima, Ohio, "The Christian Home, the Foundation of Civilization"; James Stapleton, Swanton, Ohio, "Shall the Law Triumph"; Michael Walz, Defiance, Ohio, "Playing with Liberty"; Paul Knapke, Minster, Ohio, "Classical Education"; Othmar Missler, Toledo, Ohio, "America's Future"; Andrew Pollak, Cleveland, Ohio, "Philology as a Hobby."

The regular public Oratory Contest was held at the college auditorium on May 9. An innovation in

the way of selecting judges was made this year by the choice of five members of the graduating class to undertake the task of judging the orations. As judges, the contestants themselves selected Joseph Schill, Albert Gordon, Herbert Linenberger, W. A. Pike, and Henry Alig. The general satisfaction prevailing over the outcome of the contest is but one of the things for which the judges deserve the hearty commendation and praise not only of the contestants themselves but of St. Joseph's as a whole.

With an oration entitled "America's Future," Othmar Missler was judged the winner of the contest. The first award consists of a handsome gold medal, which with second and third awards will be publicly presented on commencement day. "Three Magic Moments," by Charles Baron was given second place, for which a prize of five dollars in gold is awarded. By taking third place, Andrew Pollak, whose topic was "Philology as a Hobby," also receives five dollars in gold.

In connection with the contest, a number of musical numbers were rendered by the college orchestra under the able direction of Professor Tonner. Violin solos by Thomas Harris, Frederick Snyder, and Thomas Clayton, and piano solos by Aloysius Philipps and Delbert Welch added much to the pleasure and enjoyment of the audience.

After the Oratory Contest, luncheon was served in the Raleigh Club room for the entire graduating class. A very pleasant evening was had by all. The Sixth Class is taking this opportunity to thank the committee in charge of the luncheon preparations and the decorations of the club for the splendid way in which the committee carried out their plans for this enjoyable occasion.

On the afternoon of Alumni Day, the usual per-

mission to go to town was granted. Practically all students, except those who were bedridden, availed themselves of this opportunity. Further information concerning Alumni Day will be found in the Alumni-Notes Column.

Almost on any day now, when passing St. Joseph's, one might for a moment imagine that one accidentally had come upon some large bathing pavilion. Such, however, is not the case; what one sees is but the students of St. Joseph's taking their daily plunge. Swimming has become one of the orders of the day since the arrival of favorable weather.

Ever since Alumni Day, the band has been giving its regular Sunday evening concerts. The college feels very much indebted to Professor Tonner and the members of the band for these enjoyable Sunday evening musical programs.

By now the painting of the flagpole and the water tank is completed. No more need strangers passing here wonder what this institution is, for, now in letters approximately two feet tall is emblazoned a sign on the water tank, "St. Joseph's College," so that all those who pass may see. The roof of the chapel is being repaired and the woodwork painted.

The celebration of the sacerdotal silver jubilee of Reverend Ildephonse J. Rapp, C. PP.S., was one of the major events of the month of May. As a tribute of honor and as a demonstration of esteem to one who richly deserves honor and esteem, this occasion will stand out as a remarkable example for years to come. St. Joseph's cup of happiness was filled to overflowing on this memorable day, May 15. A more detailed

account of this celebration will be found in the Alumni Notes of this issue.

John Lefko of the class of '32 has been appointed delegate from the Dwenger Mission Unit to the Sixth General Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. The convention is to be held at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. on June 20, 21, 22, and 23.

Many were the sighs of relief and satisfaction breathed by members of the graduating class upon the arrival of their pictures on May 24. Business was temporarily suspended as all made a general rush to see what they might see. Happily the results were gratifying to all. With the exception of one or two minor adjustments, the pictures met with general approval. The photographer selected this year was The Dunes Art Studio of Gary, Indiana.

Spalding Miles, Louisville, Ky., exchange editor of the Collegian and versifier of considerable local renown was adjudged winner of the 1929 Alumni Essay Contest. Mr. Miles' essay, entitled "A Traduced Gift," will be found in full in the literary section of this issue. To the winner of the essay contest is awarded a handsome gold medal which is donated by the Alumni Association of St. Joseph's College. John Baechle, Cincinnati, Ohio, was awarded second prize. also a gold medal. The title of Mr. Baechle's essay was "The Ninth Beatitude." The second prize essay is also published in the literary section of this issue. To Charles Spalding of Bardstown, Ky., was given honorable mention for his essay, "America's Gethsemani." It was very gratifying to note the spirited participation, the happily chosen topics, and general excellent literary efforts of the participants

in this essay contest. To those through whom this contest is made possible, St. Joseph's feels much indebted. They may be assured that the good results produced such contests for the benefit of St. Joseph's students are coming up to the sponsors' most optimistic expectations.

Everybody admires initiative and go-get-it-iveness; for this reason, St. Joseph's hat is off to the members of the class of '34. The recent advent of a publication called "The Freshman Echo" which was written and edited by the members of the class of '34 is but one of the outstanding achievements of the 1929 freshmen. The Collegian staff extends its congratulations to the editor and staff of "The Freshman Echo" on the commendable write-ups and excellent appearance and arrangement of the freshman publication. "Perge!"

The Newman Club and the Second Class took advantage of the Decoration Day holiday with enjoyable luncheons. The scene of the Newman Club luncheon was the visitors' dining-room at the college. The class of '33, however, was dined at the Makeever Hotel.

An ex-president of the Newman Club is authority for the statement that the farewell party of Decoration Day was the best "feed" ever held within the walls of St. Joseph's. The tastiness of the luncheon was enhanced by the program of formal and informal speeches that followed it. The Newman officers for both terms made interesting talks, Bela Szemetko gave a harmonica solo, and Father Ildephonse Rapp, Newman Club moderator, who presided over the luncheon, spoke in impromptu fashion on the value of being prepared. Leonard Cross's club prophecy was a very popular feature of the affair. As a proof that the Newman Club has done its work well, every member

of the club responded with remarks of varying length during the course of the program.

At the sophomore luncheon, Joseph Kemp occupied the toastmaster's chair. Both the refreshments and the entertainment numbers were enjoyed thoroughly by the members of the class. One of the most interesting parts of the program was a class history which was read by Leon Ritter.

With the appointment of Spalding Miles as editor-in-chief and Marcellus Dreiling as assistant editor, the present staff of the Collegian feels that the school magazine of 1930 will continue to be a worthy representative of St. Joseph's College. The staff of '29 hereby extends its hearty congratulations and best wishes for success to the Collegian staff of 1930.

ATHLETICS

SENIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Teams	Won	Lost	Pct.
Sixths -----	4	1	.800
Fifths -----	3	1	.750
Fourths -----	3	2	.600
Seconds -----	1	3	.250
Thirds -----	0	4	.000

As the Collegian goes to press, the champion of the Senior League is still uncrowned. The Sixths apparently had the pennant cinched, but, when they locked horns with the Fifths on May 21 in what was supposed to be the final game of the Senior League Season, the Fifths threw a monkey-wrench into the works.

Determined not to be counted out of the pennant race, the Fifths entered this game with a vengeance, and slugged their way to an overwhelming 19—2

victory behind the classy pitching of Sal Dreiling. Sal helped along his own cause by poling out a home-run. Heine Grot duplicated Dreiling's feat later in the game. This defeat of the hitherto undefeated Sixth year outfit threw the Fifths, Fourths, and Sixths into a three-cornered tie for the league lead, each having a record of three wins and one defeat. The Fourths had previously given the Fifths their lone setback of the season when Stock, on the pitcher's slab for the Fourths, twirled sensationally to whitewash the Fifths 4—0, allowing only two hits.

This tri-cornered deadlock necessitated the staging of a post-season play-off series to decide the pennant winner; and the Sixths and Fourths were carded to clash in the opener, while the Fifths drew the bye. Led by the steady pitching of Glass Arm Corcoran and the opportune hitting of Jim Stapleton, the Sixths immediately proceeded to eliminate the Fourths by handing them the small end of a 6—4 score. Thus, the Sixths and Fifths will fight it out for the championship, and may the better team win!

ALUMNI GAME ENDS IN 3—3 TIE

The battle between St. Joe and the Alumni for baseball supremacy is still an undecided issue. Last year's tie game was duplicated here on the morning of Alumni Day, May 15, when the two rival teams battled five innings to a 3—3 deadlock. Complying with the annual custom, the game was played according to "church tower rules;" when the clock in the chapel tower said "eleven bells," it ended a great pitchers' battle between Sal Dreiling of the College nine and Greg Goebel of the Alumni.

The game was replete with sparkling baseball on the part of both teams. The Alumni grabbed a 3—0 lead which they held until the final inning, and

things began to look quite gloomy for the students. But the younger generation pounced upon Mr. Goebel and Co. in the last frame for three runs to tie the score, and "we" had the winning run on third base when the gong sounded to save the Alumni.

Anyway, it was a great game, and everybody went away happy. Just wait till next year, Alumni!

JUNIORS SWAMP WHITING 12—3

Playing almost flawless ball behind the sterling pitching of Pank Elder, the St. Joe Juniors experienced very little difficulty in repulsing the invasion of the junior nine from Whiting, Indiana, here on Sunday, May 26. The visitors went back to Whiting on the short end of a 12—3 score. The game required only an hour and twenty minutes of play, and was easily the fastest nine-inning encounter to be unfolded on the local diamond this season. The winners bunched hits in four innings to win. Burnell, Forsee, and Joe Maloney for St. Joe, and Adams of the losers were the batting stars of the afternoon.

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.
Whiting -----	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	— 3	7
St. Joe -----	3	0	0	0	3	3	0	3	x	—12	12

ACADEMIC LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Fourths -----	4	0	1.000
Fifths -----	2	1	.667
Thirds -----	2	1	.667
Seconds -----	0	3	.000
Sixths -----	0	3	.000

FOURTHS CINCH PENNANT

The Fourths cinched the Academic League championship and finished up their season with a clean

slate by turning back their nearest rivals, the Fifths and Thirds, in the deciding games of the league. The Fourths dealt these two contending teams their first setback of the season, the Fifths falling by a 4—3 count and the Thirds by 12-5. The success of the Fourths is due in a large measure to the pitching of Charlie Sanger who went the entire route on the mound in these two crucial games.

But two games remain to be played in the Ac League. The Fifths and Thirds will fight it out for second place in the league standing, while the lowly Sixths and Seconds will stage a little battle all their own for the cellar championship.

JUNIOR LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Batting Demons -----	4	0	1.000
Sonny Boys -----	3	1	.750
Swatters -----	2	2	.500
Diamond Nine -----	0	3	.000
Reds -----	0	3	.000

BATTING DEMONS JUNIOR'S BEST

Carried on by Pank Elder's invincible pitching, Coach Sheeran's Batting Demons grabbed the Junior League pennant by brushing aside the two remaining obstacles in their path, the Sonny Boys and the Diamond Nine. Their real test was the game in which they met the hitherto undefeated Sonny Boys. The Demons proved their worth by turning back Coach Weiner's title aspirants by a 9—5 score. By trouncing the Diamond Nine, 9—4, the Demons cinched the bunting and added a fourth consecutive victory to their unblemished record.

The Sunny Boys, with three wins in four starts, cinched second place in the league standing. The Junior League season will close with a battle between

the Diamond Nine and the Reds, who are tied for last place as the Collegian goes to press.

TENNIS CHAMPS CROWNED

The various class tennis tournaments have been completed, and the double champions of the respective classes are as follows: Sixth Year, Othmar Missler and Charlie Spalding; Fifth Year, Fritz Moore and Andy Mathieu; Fourth Year, Joe Gibson and Len Cross; Third Year, Whitey Coleman and Robert Greenwell; Second Year, Benny Bubala and Joe Maloney; First Year, Herman Kirchner and Nick Riegling.

The runners-up to the class champs are: Sixths, Stapleton and Ryan; Fifths, Faber and Schmit; Fourths, Tatar and Sheeran; Thirds, Parr and Snyder; Seconds, Follmar and Leonard; Firsts, Horrigan and Fischer.

Cross and Gibson, Fourth Year titleists, copped the championship of the Senior Division of the school by defeating the Fifth and Sixth Year champs in the inter-class series. The Fourth Year racket-wielders first downed the Fifth Year combination of Moore and Mathieu in a red-hot match by scores of 6—1, 2—6, 6—3; and then disposed of Missler and Spalding in another hard-fought thriller by the scores of 7—5; 6—4.

Kirchner and Riegling, Frosh flashes, won the championship of the Junior Division by downing Coleman and Greenwell of the Third Year by 7—5, 6—4 in the inter-class competition, after the latter team had put the Second Year pair of Maloney and Bubala out of the running.

FIFTHS WIN SENIOR PENNANT

As the final game of the play-off for the Senior

League pennant took place too late for incorporation into the regular Senior League writeup, the result of that game is being appended to the other writeups.

The second meeting of the Fifths and Sixths, which resulted in a 4-to-1 victory for the Fifths, was a much harder fought affair than the first meeting of these two teams. As has been the case in practically all the Fifths' games, the hitting and pitching of Sal Dreiling were the deciding factors in his team's victory on June 2. The Sixths became threatening in their half of the ninth inning, when a hit batsman, a walk, and a safe bunt by Barge filled the bases. The five-o'clock closing rule, however, ended the game before any damage was done.

Although the twenty-niners put up a gallant fight, they are willing to concede that the better team won.

FREE AIR---HOT AND OTHERWISE

Little Jack Horner stood on the corner
Watching the girls go by.
He tipped his lid
To a cute little kid
And she gave him a sock in the eye.

Very old gentleman to small boy—Hello, Willie!
How's your dear old grand-dad standing the heat
these summer days?

Willie—Haven't heard yet. He's only been dead a
week.

Judge—Do you wish to challenge any of the
jurors?

Defendant (Pee Wee)—Well, I think I can lick
that little guy on the end.

Daddy, what is that man running up and down the smoking car with his mouth open, for?

My boy, that's a Scotchman getting a free smoke.

Prof.—The window ought to be open. (louder), Antony, will you open it?

Tony (waking up) I'll open for six bits.

Traveler (in Texas)—Say, Conductor, why is this train so slow?

Conductor—Well, you see sir, at night it gets so cold, the fireman can't keep up steam in the boiler and in the day time, it gets so hot, the rails expand and push the towns farther apart.

Friedrich (acting as small town traffic cop back home in South Dakota)—Hey, yer can't go thru this town wid yer cutout open!

Vogus (in his Ford)—But I haven't a cutout on this car.

Friedrich—Well, then, have one put on an keep it closed.

Traveler—Say, Porter, fifty cents for another pitcher of ice water!

Porter—Sorry, suh, but ef Ah takes any mo ice, dat corpse in de baggage cah ain't gonna keep.

A new family moved into Kentucky and the father brought a strong padlock along to lock his tool shed. The mountaineers from miles around paid them a visit, but sent a delegation the next day, to ask the new resident whether he thought they were all thieves. He said of course not and wanted to know the reason. Then the spokesman answered, "Why did you lock your tool shed? Don't you know

that no one in Kentucky ever stole anything to work with?"

EXIT: THE JOKE EDITOR

Just a door! Just a push!
Half a step onward!
Into the "office"
Stormed 'bout a hundred.
"Down with the editor!"
"Charge the joke editor!"
Into the "office"
Rushed easy a hundred.

"String up the editor!"
(Was he at all dismayed?)
I'll say he was!
Someone had blundered.
His not to make reply;
His not to reason why;
His but to cut and fly,
As into the "office"
Stormed easy a hundred.

"Bozo" to right of him,
"Gus Pike" to left of him,
"Big Hands" in front of him
Clamored and thundered.
Stormed at with hiss and yell
Boldly he fought and well
Out of the jaws of death
Out of the mouth of h—
Away from those hundred.

Then, blazed their wrath and pain.
Why had he used their name
In jibes? 'Twas a dirty shame,

Charged they the editor,
While he turned greener.
Vainly, did he explain.
“Lynch him!” they yelled again.—
While they with might and main
Spoiled every feature.—
Then he limped back; but not,—
Not the same creature.

Pollak to right of him,
“Huffy” to left of him,
The whole crowd behind him
Still hooted and thundered.
Stormed at with hiss and yell,
With black eyes begun to swell,
He that had fought so well
Came thru the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of h—
(All that was left of him)
Back from those hundred.

When shall his glory fade?
Oh what a charge they made
On “Windle’s” competitor!
Here’s to the rush he staid!
(And here is the turf they laid)
On the joke editor.

F. M.

Frency—Some one defaced old man Pinchpenny’s
gravestone.

Gibson—Yeh? How’s that?

Frenchy—Some one defaced old man Pinchpenny’s
it used to read, “He did his best.”

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